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CONTINUATION

OF

YORICK'S

K.

Sentimental Journey.

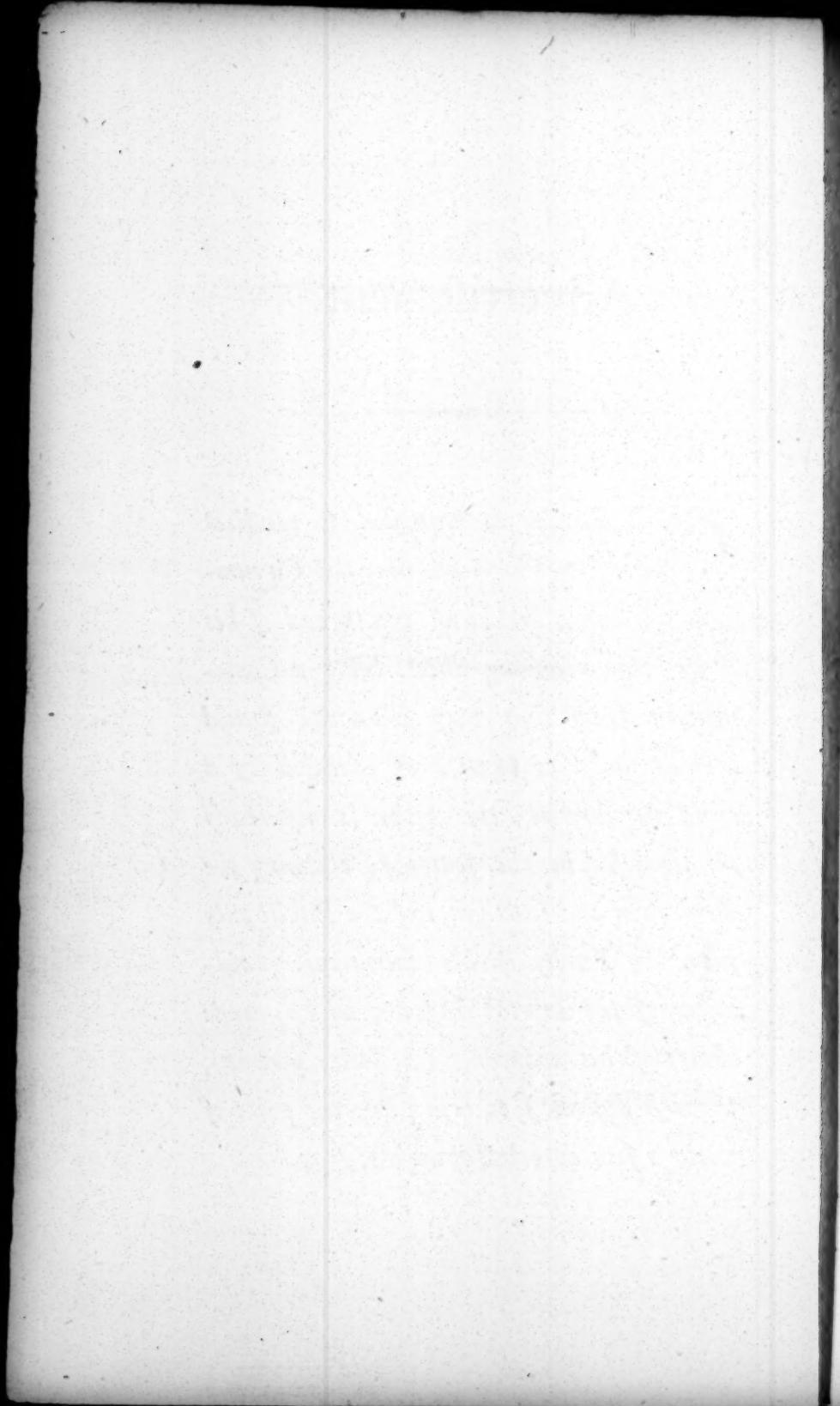
L O N D O N .

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M D C C L X X V I I I .

Advertisement.

THE Reader is requested to recollect
in what Place and in what Circum-
stances Yorick breaks off the thread of his
Story, the following Sheets being a Conti-
nuation from that very Moment; should
they be found to have been executed by a
hand far inferior, the Author is most ready
to acquiesce in the sentence; claiming the
Protection and Indulgence of the Public only
from the Purity of his Intentions. Ad-
mirer of the immortal Sterne, he has made
choice of his manner, (a Stile, perhaps,
the most difficult) to bring into one point of
view a few detached thoughts.



CONTINUATION

O F

Yorick's Sentimental Journey.

CHAP. I.

THE MISTAKE.

IT was a Mistake.—*Mon Dieu!—*
The very wig, whose buckle my Pa-
risian barber assured me would stand,
tho' immerged in the depths of Ocean,

a partial sprinkling of the last night's storm, had drawn as lank as the locks of those aquatic Nymphs, the constant attendants of his godhead, or, the symbolical companion of an Englishman's liberty.—It lay in the wicker chair, by my bed-side.—It was a Mistake, gentle Reader.—It was, *Helas*, morning! —*Allons*, for *Turin*, *Madame*.

THE APPARITION.

A FRAGMENT.

“ How fullen is the man, who refuseth the easy tribute of thanks! —

“ Ingratitude!

“ Ingratitude ! Thou bane of society !
“ Cursed be thy abode, disquietude thy
“ couch, and for thy manna, gall !—
“ But, dear *Eugenius*, I quitted *Paris*
“ fatigued, disgusted, satiated, the na-
“ tural feelings of my soul turned from
“ their courses ;—could thy friend then
“ pay that tribute worthy himself ;—
“ thee — Humanity ?” — As I
spoke, the severity of his countenance
relaxed, Benignity bloomed gently on
his cheek, and lisped in softest accents,
—“ Read.” — I awoke ;—on my
pillow lay—

The

The ADDRESS.

“ Happy, thrice happy nation !——
“ From the costly viands of enthroned
“ royalty, down to the scanty pittance
“ of hard-earned labour ; each welcome
“ guest meets courteous civility.——
“ To thee, Goddess of social life, let
“ us offer the grateful incense ! With
“ thee how sweet to mingle congenial
“ souls ;——to pass in festive joy the
“ jocund hour ! Thou knowest to un-
“ knit the ravelled slip of Care ;——
“ Soft as the harmonious muse of sym-
“ pathy, it is thine to meliorate the
“ favage

“ savage asperity of man’s rougher soul;
“ —and here, most Benign, hast
“ thou copiously dispersed thy love-
“ enticing influence! — Here the
“ Noble and the Base are equally thy
“ votaries! — Hilarity, with modest
“ smile, abandoning the Bacchanalian
“ revel, approaches in thy train to
“ welcome the wearied stranger, or
“ to the reed-thatched cot or sump-
“ tuous palace! — *Gallia*, with these
“ thy tutelars, what cares can weigh
“ thee down! If, for a moment, thy
“ spirits are depressed, behold thy at-
“ tendant guardians are at hand, and
“ through thy vaulted roofs resound
“ *Vive le Roi, L’amour, La Bagatelle.*

CHAP. II.

CHAP. II.

LE FLEUR'S DISTRESS.

I S it possible *Le Fleur*?——What has detained thee so long? Folding up thy precious relick, *Eugenius*; not as a lawyer would fold up his brief, for, truly, Equity, I reverence thee too much to imitate, in the most trifling circumstance, thine adversary;—— not as —— waste-paper; ---- Art thou curious to know

know how it was folded up? Hast thou never seen an author fold up a paragraph he exchanges with the printer's ambassador, for his weekly four-and-twenty pence? — Pittance too small to find his Pegasus in hay! — Thus was it folded. — But how? — Are you an Author, my dear Sir? Already art thou in possession of the secret. — Heaven send thee better friends than the Nymphs of Parnassus! — Thy perusal of this page witnesseth thou art well out of the scrape. — The secret will be of no use to thee. —

Is it possible, *Le Fleur* it can be after eleven? *En Verite, oui.* — But why

why art thou attired in thy great coat ?
The brilliancy of the morning would strip
thee to thy vest.—The money I had
given him *pour s'habiller*, he said, had
all been expended at Paris, and the day
before he had rode post twenty leagues.
—Reader, if thou hast had pati-
ence to accompany me even thus far,
thou hast a compassionate and suscep-
tible heart.—

Spare we then poor *Le Fleur* the
pain of a blush !—If thou art of my
profession, it may have happened that
thy wife has forgotten on a saturday
night, to amend the depredations of
time and her avenging moth, and thy
flock

flock has waited for their Pastor, as long as I did for *Le Fleur*.—*An simile est?*

REFLEXIONS.

AT BREAKFAST.

The Coffee was not sweet enough; —so raising a morsel of sugar, between my finger and thumb, parallel with the eye; (philosophers and moralists may be, perhaps, of a different way of thinking, —let them attack me if they dare; for the eye, my friend, is caught by resplendent objects and conveys it's

B

“ own

own sensations to the soul, my ideas were gradually transferred from *Mynbeer Vandunder's* refinery, to the sultry shores of the Western India, where they were insensibly fixed by the miseries of those thousands which produce this luxury for the unfeeling sons of Europe.

My mind presented to me the miserable captive, tall, majestic, once, perhaps, the prince of his people, torn from the very bowels of his country, chained, confined in a loathsome dungeon till the slave-fraught vessel regains the destined port.——

Thy

Thy ways, just Heaven, are unsearchable! — He lands. — With fullen majesty I saw him exposed to common sale,—his honest pride the scoff of each vile purchaser;—born to command, yet, and with dignity, his big soul submits. — Ignorant, tho' willing, — stript of his robes, the task-master, horrid executioner, inflicts the whip; — I beheld his mantle striped with purple gore.—His quivering flesh, weltering in it's gushing streams, lay stretched in the agonies of parting life.—

Where breaths Humanity for Afric's hapless child!—Where, Europe, is thy justice!

CHAP. III.

THE

RESOLVE.

PLUMP went the sugar to the bottom of my coffee.—True, said I—she may ~~as~~ soon be found at the bottom of the Atlantic; like thee she melts, and sweetens all around the unpalatable cup; —— but haste, *Le Fleur*, prepare our *Cabriole*, we may reach

reach Rome, by the time my soliloquy, on humanity, is finished.—Why not Venice? — 'Tis the Carnival; — we shall arrive in time.—I'll go.

—“ If thou dost, *Yorick*,” cries Prudence, “ thou wilt, unquestionably, class thyself, spite of thy sentiment, with thine own inquisitions.” — I care not, I'll go to Venice, if but to trace, hapless *Maria*, thy solitary path across the Apennines.

lucky House by the side of the fortifications
of Paris———Why
not Venice? —— To the contrary;
I'll go —— **The CARNIVAL.**

By a thousand cross accidents, *et tot discrimina rerum*, I arrived at Venice,—
a day after the jubilee. — *N'importe;*
Smelfungus, said I, who that instant
passed my window, will describe it to
me. — It was like *nothing* he had
ever seen before; — like *nothing* he
had read of; — the confusion of
tongues was *nothing* to it: — it was
a business compounded of *nothingness*.
— I admired his remarks; — he
would

would have proceeded. —— Mistaken man, didst thou suppose thou wast describing the Fantocini? —— 'Twas the Gala, the grand festival of an Empire!

and they are going and will return

For whom was this book written, and
for whom not?

There are a set of minds, *Eugenius*, whose discordant principles, are never in union with the exhibitions of art or nature; —in almost every one of these churlish souls, the spring of action differs; —— *Criticus* attends the play,—the Opera,—the Coffee-house,—condemns all he hears or sees, and builds his reputation on the fabrick *bimself* has ruined.

Should

Should the spirit of philanthropy,
by chance, point out a single beauty in
this humble attempt of thy friend's,----
Take care, Messrs. the *Reviewers*, don't
meddle with this sentence, or you'll burn
your fingers.

'Tis flat, cries *Invidius* ;
Low and inanimate, says *Arrogans* ;
Puerile, exclaims *Ferox* ; fit for
women ; —— for them was it written ;
and, if to their gentle souls, I convey
one lesson of tenderness, excite in
them one soft emotion of pity, or of
bliss,

bliss;—much am I overpaid.—
As to you, Gentlemen, you, Messrs.

Criticus,

Invidius,

Arrogans,

Ferox,

with your dependents, runners, and
all who in any wise you claim as ad-
herents, you may fold up this paper as
you please, make what use of it you
please, and all pack to the D----
together.

At

At VENICE.

The DEDICATION.

I dare swear I could give as entertaining a description of this city as Smelfungus did of it's entertainments; I don't doubt but I could.— Pray, *Madame*, do you recollect the number of bridges there are in this city?

When

When, my Eliza, when my wearied eye, at the full distance of the tall-set avenue caught the last farewell;—when thy flowing handkerchief waved me back adieu,— I vowed — and swore my vow was true; for, by thy sex's tenderness, I vowed, to dedicate my journeyings to the heart.

Gently my friend, and ye whose tender spirits, cast in the downy mould by Nature's softer hand, expect not pompous tales of state, of royalty, of gorgeous palaces; to your hearts my journeyings I dedicate; to them, dressed by an artless hand, I tell the simple tale.

The

The RIALTO.**CHAP. IV.**

THIS point will never be settled, so without further consideration,---- for you must know I had been weighing, wavering, and determining whether I should go to the Opera, had stated all the arguments

arguments *Pro* and *Con*, then weighed
wavered and determined again: in this
unsettled state, my cane suspended from
my button by it's leathern thong, I cross-
ed the Rialto;—a most magnificent
bridge, *Madame*, supported by a single
arch;—Ay, said I, when a man has once
resolv'd, how easy it is to execute: if I
am tired with my walk, a Gondola will
convey me presently to the Opera.—Ha-
ving sauntered and reflected, *seriatim*,
till my mental and corporal faculties
began to stagger, I stept into a Gon-
dola.

C

In

In the GONDOLA.

And this is the place of St. *Mark*?—
And these the inhabitants of Venice?—
'Tis thy court, O Liberty, where in
the motley groupe, we behold, assemb-
led in one common crowd, Jews, Car-
dinals, Gondoleurs and Nobles.—
By heavens, Venice, 'tis wisely done,
trusting in the strength of the wisdom
of thy councils, thou disdainest secret—
Fair and softly, *Yorick*, remember those
dreadful jaws, wide-yawning to receive

secret

secret informations;—there is no man free in this cursed city!—Whether my exclamation is true may be seen some time or other.

The Jew Gondoleur continued his song, whilst the oar of his companion kept time on the silver wave.—We reached the stairs nearest the theatre;—the song was still unfinished.—Discharging my two honest friends, I strided away to listen to the more melodious strains of poor *Sacchini*.

The OPERA.

" Music has charms ; "---- Who can doubt it, said I, sitting me down in a corner of one of the darkest boxes in the house ; who can doubt it, and view the auditory of a Venetian orchestra ?— The *dilettanti* certainly think this gloom heightens the powers of their favourite muse, and those of *Italy* are in the closest habits of intimacy with her, or pray, *Madame*, how comes the ear of that blind fidler to be so exquisitively superior

superior to your's and mine?—
They darken the boxes----here I was
going to draw my conclusion, when pop
comes an adage better suited to my pur-
pose.—Curtail us of one sense, and
the others reap the benefit.

CHAP. V.

The ENQUIRY.

THESSE boxes, after all, are very
private, and, may be, on occa-
sion, made convenient to the possessors;

C 3 —don't

—don't mistake me, Madame,—
the persons talking with the box-keeper,
are two gentlemen, foreigners.

“ You are certain nobody is in the
box ? ” — The house was full. — Now
whether the man's answer was dictated
by avarice,—or that he thought thy
friend *Eugenius* nobody,—or that he
really had forgotten, I leave the ca-
suists of Venice to determine ; however,
he answered,— Nobody : — “ Why
then, said the elder, shutting the door,
'tis time, my friend, to explain the
reasons of my conduct.” — How con-
venient are these boxes. — “ A vo-
luntary exile, I seek not, Climenes, to
avoid

avoid myself, but to indulge, unseen,
the luxury of grief." — I loved *Af-*
pasia. — " Thou spirit of purest æther,
for yet I dare address thee, all goodness
as thou art,—hear—hear and forgive
the author of thy woes! — If, for a
moment, he forgets thee, if aught but
misery flow from his poisoned chalice,
dash all his hopes of happiness with thee
hereafter!" —

" But what avails? — Vain man; — *Af-*
pasia breaths no more! Bred up to-
gether in our earliest youth, virtue's
best principles were taught us by her
reverend sire. — *Afpasia's* book was
mine. — It was his only care to
fashion

fashion our ideas by honour's chaste
rules;—Well did I repay the task!—
Oft would his discourse turn on love!—
'Twas rapture then to listen, tho' I knew
not why; —— perceiving our mutual
passion, he chid, advised, and rea-
soned!"

The CONCLUSION.

The lessons of thine eyes, my *Eliza*,
rushed to my soul. —— He chid,
advised, and reasoned! —— Cold
prudence, unimpassioned age, preach

to the trees that hear not, or to the
winds that scatter ! —————

“ I left her, *Climenes*; her charms ex-
panding like the budding rose, —————
with equal joy we met; ————— *Aspasia*,
conscious of no change, believ'd my
vows were still sincere; when, serpent-
like, I practis'd those wily arts the
cursed world had taught me, and, —————
she fell; ————— but, ————— 'twas the fall
of nature, ————— not of virtue! ————— Her
soul disdained my proffered hand, and
with a nobleness, superior to man, she
claimed protection only from oblivion;
———— I saw her friendless, boldly as-
cend the vessel inviting her to shores
unknown. —————

unknown.—My guilty soul shrunk back. —— Horror-struck, awhile I gazed; the adverse winds reared the uplifted vessel to the clouds! —— Down from the height”-----

Here, my *Eliza*, his sobs of heartfelt penitence filled up the chasm; — then why should we restrain the falling tear? —— Accept, unhappy stranger, accept that tribute thy feelings justly claim.

“ Before her, continued he, were stretched a ledge of rocks, dismasted and ungovernable the furious current dashed the-----and, O, my *Climenes*, I lost”-----

The

The RECOGNITION.

The silence which ensued, confirmed me in her fate; at this instant *his* seemed to approach,—then wilt thou be happy;—

Climenes sighed,—his friend returned it not.—Again he sighed, —still all was mute as death.—

“ Speak, speak *Pbilantbes* — Ha,
“ thou art cold! — Clay cold.—

“ Speak to thy friend,—thy love,—
“ thy *Aspasia* ! She,

She, for it was herself, advanced towards the front of the box; by the glimmering of the stage-lights I perceived his hand lay on her bosom, whilst *Aspasia*, one knee bending to the ground, with her right arm supported his body, and with her left chafed his temples.

My assistance was necessary,—yet had I lost one minute in contemplation; ——another passes; ——still motionless I sat: ——Surprise, grief, compassion had stupified my senses. ——*Le Fleur* entered to tell me the opera had been over some time. ——I pointed to *Aspasia*; ——she sunk down, ——the poor fellow flew to her relief; ——a shock

Shock of electricity could not have roused me sooner; — I had procured lights, water, *et cætera*, — and in two minutes, my *Eliza*, — all was well.

CHAP. VI.

The EXPLANATION.

YES, my *Eliza*, in two minutes, all was well; — and in two more, thou mightest have beheld us, where,

fair spirit, hadst thou joined the circle,
all had been happiness ! —————

Thou wonderful Guide and Ruler of events, who turnest all things to thy purpose, and makest our very miseries our nearest way to bliss, teach me to accord in all; nor murmur at thy just decrees ! —————

The evening was sultry, ————— Madame *R.* who was both *Climenes* and *Aspasia*, placed herself at the window, ————— “she had,” she said, “during her stay at *Amiens*, with her brother, the Count de *L.* seen *Philantbes* pass thro’, in his way to *Venice*. ————— She assumed the

the name of *Climenes* and followed, resolved to know his real sentiments, or to forgive or yield him up for ever."

I promised to breakfast with them the next morning, and took my leave,

I am conscious my soul is superior to envy. —— Happiness, say they, is comparative; the thought is base; —— 'tis false. —— Is comfort thine, when looking upon misery? —— Canst thou compare thyself to the woe-worn wretch and derive pleasure to thy mind? —— When I beheld *Climenes* and *Aspasia*, my heart was lifted up with joy; my thoughts were directed first to thee,

source of my bliss—and then—to Heaven.—I could not but consider *Le Fleur* as the instrument of my *eclaircissement* with Madame R. ----, I looked on him, as he undressed me, with gratitude, with rapture.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

How intricate is the mechanism,
how numberless the springs of a well-
ordered

ordered government!—Pray, *Madame*, did you never hear of the famous goose, the preserver of the Roman capitol?—You may smile *Madame*, but the most powerful empires have owed their existence to the minutest causes.—If, said I,—drawing on my black silk breeches, (for you may recollect I was going to breakfast with *Madame R.* and I hold it an invariable rule, that neatness in dress, in the calendar of politeness, stands next to elegance of manners;)—If, said I-----

This plaguy button has so bruised my thumb!—Rot it!—I can't get it in, *Madame*;—our external and

internal affections generally accord ; I had been settling my mind for the last half-hour, to leave *Venice* this very day, and for the last thirty minutes, had been adjusting my dress.—In the self-same instant in it went, *Madame*, and I made up my mind ;—on the latter point, I might have spared myself an infinite deal of trouble ; for would you believe it, the council of sages, in kind compassion, no doubt, to my mental infirmities, travelling without a tutor, had made it up for me some hours before.

CHAP. VII.

"**A**ND this is their messenger, *Le Fleur?*" — He was to inform me the Council had limited my stay in *Venice* to mid-day; — it was already after ten. — "Pray, Sir, to what cause am I to attribute this extraordinary act of condescension?" — "He supposed

posed I could not be ignorant,—the Gondoleers, who had carried me to the Opera the preceding evening, had informed against me."——Poor simple exclamation, wert thou the cause of my disgrace?——Thou canst not fail, continued I, Spouse of the Adriatic, to meet with hair-breadth 'scapes and prosper still, whilst thy very barge-men are so interested for thy existence.—— I conceived myself, *Eugenius*, much too insignificant an object to attract the notice of state-inquisitors.—— With the utmost gravity he assured me, the *Icbneumon*, tho' the vilest of reptiles, was the destroyer of the caterpillar.—

I never was ambitious of, nor ever
sighed for, the appendages of royalty ;
here they stood—one—two
three—four, close by the side of my
boat; — I seated myself on the
prow; *Le Fleur's* seat would have been
softer, but for my double-toed shoes;
and thus, in two hours sail, we landed
on the banks of the *Lagune.*

REFLEX-

REFLFXIONS.

By the tomb of *St. Anthony of Padua*,
whither I was posting to pay my respects;
for tho', *Madame*, I am no Papist, why
should we kick against the pricks? —
I'll not be ill-natured, — I'll not write
a syllable, — let them enjoy their gal-
lancies, their cassinos in peace, — and
peace be with them! — Thump went
my heart: — it was a cordial *Amen*.

The

The REVERIE.

The Duenna opened the door of a small closet, and took out a pair of slippers she had purloined from Father *Paul*, she placed them on the threshold of the door of the antichamber; 'twas a ceremony I could not comprehend.— I followed my conductress in silent astonishment, through the saloon, to *Ade-laid's* apartment, — It's whole ceiling
was

was one continued mirror, in each corner of the room were painted the loves of Cupid and Psyche; the sleeping Venus of the glowing walls seemed to invite the trembling hand, till *Adelaid* herself, seated in the centre on a sofa of the blackest sattin, whose flowing robe of crape, embroidered in crowded folds, strove vainly to hide the symmetry and polish of her ivory limbs, seized captive sense and motion.

“*Madame,*” said *Margareta*, “your husband;” —— for the charming *Adelaid* had been two months married. —— “ your husband is safe, your father only is at home, and the holy slippers will prevent

prevent the superstitious dotard's disturbing you. —— 'Tis well: —— the Duenna withdrew. —— Now then, dearest *Lorenzo*, *Adelaid* is thine.

—— I seated myself by her side; enchantment could not figure a situation more heavenly, —— my throbbing heart beat extacy through every pulse, —— the panting *Adelaid* in softest blandishments ----- Roused from the delightful lethargy by the screams of the Duenna, I sprung to the door; *Diego*, furious.-----

E

Sir,

Sir, cries *Le Fleur*, will you leave
Loretto without seeing the *Casa sancta*?—
Le Fleur, I thank thee, thou hast saved
me from a bloody *rencountre*.

CHAP. VIII.

The PILGRIM.

SO I turned into the first shop where I
saw a countenance that pleased me ;
“ —and the next turning to the right
will lead you to the *Casa sancta*.——It
was

was as I described." — She would have added more, but a customer came in to purchase a madona and beads; — not to assist thy devotion, I am sure, fair saint, for never was goodness more strongly pourtrayed in any countenance, but thine, my *Eliza*; — affability had tempered in it the too-sprightly traits of nineteen, — she was a french pilgrim. — Badly understanding the Italian, and speaking it worse, I was still distressed to make out my direction. — Then, said the fair pilgrim, "I will be his conductress;" — and he shall follow thee wherever thou wilt lead, even to the gates of the valley of death.

— A very Turk could not do

Iess.—This was the translation of my looks.—I did not utter a syllable, but I found means to carry on the conversation.—“ I will lead thee,” answered she, “ through vallies flowing with milk and honey, and virtue shall strew the flowers of peace in the paths that conduct thee to -----”
“ Heaven was in her eye.”

THE

THE ACT OF DEVOTION.

—She turned it to the beads and madona on the counter,—mine glanced in the same direction,—a quilted purse of white fattin was in her hand, with strings of silver twist;——“ replace it in thy bosom, gentle pilgrim,” ——she translated my look, whilst my involuntary hand dropped a *louis* on the table.—Laying her left hand on mine and taking the madona in her

right, she looked at it a few seconds, then raising her eyes to Heaven, she dropped them with a smile of modest gratitude on the hand she held.—

Ave Maria!—It was enough,—the look was sufficient to interest every saint in heaven in my favour.

At the CASA SANCTA.

We were both on our knees before I perceived my hand was still locked in that of the fair pilgrim.—What wouldest

wouldest thou have said, *Eugenius*, to
have seen me prostrate with her ?——

—But what care I who sees me ?——

Thou hast filled my soul, chaste saint,
brim-full of meekness and devotion !—

Dressed in a robe of purest white, the
sky-blue fash depending from her waist,
she knelt ; — had I possessed
Guido's pencil, I would have drawn thee
as thou wert, and Innocence should
have owned the portrait to be her's !

She had counted her beads, over and
over ; — 'tis no matter, said I —

There

There is a certain combination of ideas, which break, flap-dash, into a man's mind, when it is evacuated even but for a moment, and it is next to impossible to recover the lost ground.— I should not have room sufficient in a whole octavo to explain this galloping concatenation:——the cause may be found from the effect.——

The fair pilgrim twined her dazzling blue eyes, fraught with a look of meek, familiar softness, full upon mine.——

The attack was sudden.——she had invoked Heaven to her assistance; ————— who could resist? ————— I offered

offered my arm and thus, with my brains turned topsy-turvy, we entered my apartment.

CHAP. IX.

The TEMPTATION.

L*E Fleur* had set out for me the best collation *Loretto* produced;— it was a pilgrim's autumnal supper, a few bunches of grapes, figs and bread.

The

The *settilette* he had placed for me would just hold two,—there was no other chair in the room, — so down we sat together.—

Instead of composing, the walk from the chapel had increased my agitation.

—The enemy had gained ground rapidly, from the thousand little attentions she paid me on the way,—attentions which are stronger advocates for love than the most laboured dispositions; —every nerve in my composition trembled; —the *settilette* had no back,—reclining to take the beads from her bosom,—the fair pilgrim lost her poise.—

Who

Who could resist,— or he that's more than man——or less?—— Thy friend, *Eugenius*, is neither.—— So I caught her in my arms and——re-seating her—— I called to *Le Fleur* for a glafs of water:——the fright of falling had chased the colour from her cheek;——at the name of *Le Fleur*, it was suffused with crimson,—— 'twas not the blush of innocence or guilt,——'twas the effect of pleasure and surprise.

The sun was set, the knell of day was knowled, the prowling wolf howled round the well-watched fold; at the first mattin of the early lark, with palpitating

pitating heart the shepherd, reckoning over his fleecy care, and missing his favourite ewe, o'er hill and woodland trudges anxious, expecting every moment to behold her torn and lacerated carcase,—at the last gasp of expectation, bleating, she nimbly bounds to meet the well-known voice, — Figure to thyself the peasant's *look*. —

Hast thou, fair damsel, when the hoarse trumpet or shrill fife has torn a brother from thine helpless arms,—hast thou, I say, e'er known the heart-throbbing minute that restores him?——

So looked *Le Fleur*;—So throbbed
Annetta's heart! STORY

STORY of ANNETTA.

If ever I saw domestic happiness,
feelings unfeigned, it was at this instant.

— — — *Annetta* flew to meet her brother;
— — — *Le Fleur* received her, bowing
his head to heaven for the blessing.

“ Come, ye of little faith,” Stoics,
wise in your own eyes; and say, if this

F is

is not happiness, in what does it consist ?
 If the cold goddess of your worship
 forbids enjoyment such as this, least, by
 indulging, subsequent evils may fall
 heavier, let her heralds cry ; *Procul, O,*
procul este profani, ————— and class me
with the number !—————

Le Fleur's tears had melted away his
 first emotions ; and, like a true French-
 man, his lively genius had danced him
 into every corner of the room ; and
 each corner had produced a question.

———— I was now in a capacity to act
 as moderator ; for, upon my soul, at
 first I felt the tears trickle a-pace, —————
 “ and by what hazard, my dear *Annetta*,
 “ camest

" camest thou to *Loretto*?"——
 Of all possible questions I found this
 the most natural, as well as most to my
 goût. ——— " *Pardon, Monsieur,*"
 ——— we will retire—— by your
 leave, good *Monfieur Le Fleur*, I will
 neither lose my Pilgrim nor my supper;
 ——— so as soon as that is over, thou
 shalt tell us, gentle *Annetta*, what
 hazard brought thee to *Loretto*.——
Le Fleur bowed.——

CHAP. X.

BEING THAT OF

RECOMMENDATION.

L E Fleur bowed——such a bow,
my Lord, have I many times
humbly bent, when your Lordship con-
descendingly invited me to say grace
at

at your table,—an honour, my Lord, which must strike deep into the mind of a man attached to virtues, even when they appear amongst the vulgar; conceive then, my Lord, how qualifications, like your's, derived as well from a long and illustrious line of ancestors, as also from your Lordship's well-known prowess in feats of arms; —in your thorough knowledge of the great political world, to common eyes a chaos,—but above all your humanity; your love of letters; and the encouragement you give to men of science.—And here, my Lord, I take the liberty to recommend this little work to your august protection,

being assured, that springing up under your patronage, it cannot fail to strike the eye of the multitude with the beauty of it's colouring.—Now, my Lord, permit me to caution you against that false modesty which has so lately and in such loads made it's appearance in St. Stephen's chapel,—“ You “ have no doubt, *Madame*, assisted at “ the introduction of a member—” to the great detriment of literature in general and the oratorical part of it in particular; for praise, my Lord, and the desire of applause, being the most natural incentives to study, when these stimulatives are overcome by that mock modesty of disregarding letters, in dread
of

of applause, there is an end——I affirm and will maintain, my Lord, in the face of the whole world, that whoever advises you to shun praise is your enemy,——fear not to take the sum total of this chapter to yourself;——your merits deserve it; lay it to your heart and defy the malevolence of an ill-judging world; for, if I live, my Lord, when it was written, I had no other person in my thoughts;——If then it contains one atom of praise, it belongs solely to your Lordship, and to you deservedly, for you must be convinced, I am neither allied, nor a hireling, to your Lordship; so, my Lord,

Lord, in full assurance and firm persuasion, that this chapter will be placed to the account of the right owner, I most humbly take my leave.——

YORICK.

“ Oh, Virtue; how beautiful art
“ thou! In our hearts will we im-
“ plant thee; mayest thou flourish
“ there in the beauty of holiness!
“ When I behold thee, thou borrow-
“ est the traits of my friend, my
“ spouse,

" spouse, my protecting angel; let,
" oh, soul of my existence, let my re-
" gards meet thine in softness; let me
" fly thee an instant to return anew,
" triumphant to thy arms!"

STORY

STORY of the PILGRIM.

Le Fleur laid his hand on his breast,
inclining his body easily to the right
where I stood, and, raising his shoulders
at least three inches, ejaculated *Quel
bonneur!* *Quel bonheur,* repeated *Annet!*
—The beautiful *Annet* felt it.—

Yorick, cries Conscience, thy vanity
is intolerable!—“ ‘Twas but a small
“ prick, *Madame*, and not worth our
“ regard.— “ So

“ So now, *Annet*, tell us, what
“ hazard brought thee to *Loretto?*”—
“ In consequence,” she said, “ of a
“ vow made, during the time of her
“ slavery.” — *Le Fleur’s* eyes
were starting,—“ a distant relation
“ had left her brother an inheritance,
“ such a one as it was, and hearing he
“ served in the lines at *St. Roch*, her
“ father, old *Jerome*, accompanied by
“ herself, embarked at *Marseilles* with
“ an intention of communicating the
“ good news to his son, and to
“ prevail on him to return home;
“ they had the misfortune to be ta-
“ ken by a corsair off the coasts of
“ Spain, and carried prisoners to *Al-*
“ *giers.*”

"giers." — For the sake of her father, the gentle *Annetta* found the yoke heavy indeed, — her constant vows and prayers were for his release. — This pilgrimage, as the only vow she had not already performed, was the last and greatest, in gratitude to Heaven, which had listened all-gracious to her prayers, and restored old *Jerome* to his family and his vineyard. —

CHAP. XI.

CHAP. XI.

field gneissic on - - - - -
 field gneissic on - - - - -
LE FLEUR'S INHERITANCE.
 field gneissic on - - - - -
 field gneissic on - - - - -
 field gneissic on - - - - -

IN the *Campania*, at the foot of
 the Alps, on the side of *France*,
 is seen a small mountain, situated

G

at

at two leagues distance from the *route*,
 whose summit is crowned with wood;
 an easy ascent of fifty steps from the
 rivulet brings thee so near the straw-
 clad cot, that thou mayest pluck the
 jessamine and rose, mantling to veil it's
 window from the mid-day sun.—

“ But thou, fair rose,” said I, whilst
Annetta poured out my morning's coffee,
 —“ but thou, mild as fair, and good
 “ as both, far be the cankering blast
 “ of envy from thy bud,—and foul besal
 “ the hand that plucks thee, unless to
 “ plant thee in a richer soil where love
 “ may cherish!—Thou art not rich.
 “ —May Heaven preserve thy pu-
 “ rity

" rity of soul, leave thee thy health,
 " thy senses unimpaired, tear not from
 " thy tender bosom the man of thine
 " adoration, give thee friends worthy
 " thy love,—and, what want hast thou
 " of fortune?""

All that I or his sister could urge
 had no weight with *Le Fleur*, he
 was resolved not to return.—The
 preliminary departure, (paying an ex-
 orbitant bill) was settled, —— not
 after the manner of *Smelfungus*, not-
 ing it on my tablets, for publication,
 with a string of queries, comparisons,
 and reflexions tacked to it's tail; not
 like *Mi—Lord* kicking the waiter down
 stairs,—

LORETTO.

The DEPARTURE.

" Tell him," said he,—“ tell my
 " father, I resign all right to my legacy,
 " —'tis his whilst he can enjoy it;—
 " I have served my King and country;
 " —at the expiration of one twelve
 " months more, I will return and serve
 " him;——and never till the solitary
 " yew

" yew o'er-hangs his grave, shall the
" vine he prunes be mine." —————

Annetta sighed. ————— I could have
kissed *Le Fleur* for his filial affection.

———— I kissed *Annet*, and, invoking
once again the gods of my fathers to
protect her, stepped into my *chaise de*
poste. ✓

FILIAL AFFECTION.

THOUGHTS.

Daughter of pure nature, thou alone
art sufficient to ward off the evils of
threat'ning age.—

Thou opposest thy buckler to the
insulting darts of the enemy.—

Thou

Thou art victorious, or thou receivest
in thy breast the poinard aimed at the
father of thy youth.—

Light of his declining age, thou
guidest his embarrassed march;—
thou removest from before him the flint
that might pierce his foot.—On
thy neck he slumbereth in tranquility.—

He reposeth in the strength of thine
arm. Thou repayest him the tender
cares of thine helpless infancy.—

Thou extendest thy sway over the
whole creation, from man to the vilest
reptile.—

The

The sword of the hero, the paw of the tiger, the talon of the eagle, alike are obedient thy law.—

In thy presence fierceness and savage barbarity yield to the softest emotions ;
—misery smiles at thy approach ;
—horror shrinks from before thee.

It was already evening, as we began to ascend the mountain ;—in leaving

Loretto,

Loretto, I had not considered how inadequate the heels of an Italian post-horse were, to keep pace with my eye over a map.

Plague take these hills and hollows, said I ! They put one too much in mind of the ups and downs of life, especially to a man out of favour at court, where thou knowest, *Eugenius*, thy friend is an outcast. — In troth, my back was too stiff; strange as it may seem, *Madame*, that was literally the case — 'tis a complaint I shall never get rid of.

— My physicians prescribed exercise, so, to remove all obstructions, I have been jumbled from *London* to

Calais,

Calais, to *Paris*, across the rocky valleys of *Savoy*, and so on to this very moment; and this very moment I am resolved, more than ever, *Madame*, to keep it as stiff as I can, to the last day of my life; for had there been one single particle of suppleness in it, that jolt must have broken it. ——— *Ma pauvre chaise de poste!* The monstrous stone! ——— Down we came ——— What's to be done? ——— *Le Fleur* shrugged *Le Diable!* ——— *Santa Maria*, re-echoed the postillion! ——— I took a pinch of snuff from my horn box, and standing with my hands crossed behind me, looked wistfully at my broken wheel!

CHAP. XII.

CHAP. XII.

and when gobling went god I will
 boy's has——curred down of this
 on shward on boy's cold eat world
 and she has become a how born sharp
The BROKEN WHEEL.

I hist 'om hriso and post "

READER, I'll tell thee a fable. —
 " Once upon a time, a peasant,
 " no matter of what country, human
 " nature

" nature is every where the same, having bemired his cart, fell on his knees, beseeching *Hercules*, whom the priest had informed him was the strongest amongst the celestials", ----

But, I beg your pardon, *Aesop* has told it much better,——and as you know the fable, you are likewise acquainted with the moral, and are thus, if you chuse, at liberty to make the application.-----

" Thou hast carried me," said I, picking up the bruised spoke, " thou hast carried me but a few miles; I thought thou wouldest have rolled to
 " Rome;—

" Rome ; —— but, alas, thy race is
 " run —— thy revolutions are per-
 " formed —— to-morrow thy place
 " will be supplied, all traces of thy
 " former existence will be done away,
 " as the noon-tide shadow, and thou
 " wilt be seen no more ; —— the
 " very worm, that, but a moment since,
 " trembled at thy rolling, may now
 " insult thee with impunity ; nay more,
 " —— prey on thee. —— Thy fair
 " appearance promised a longer course.
 " —— Ah, no ! When I regard
 " thee nearer, the chisel that formed
 " and polished thee, gave thee too an
 " invidious stab. ——

H

" But,

“ But, my good Sir, nothing is so
 “ absurd in nature as ill-timed reflexi-
 “ ons, you should use means to extri-
 “ cate yourself from this difficulty.”

————— “ Perfectly right, *Madame*.
 “ But, supposing I had not said a single
 “ syllable about my poor wheel, ———
 “ how should we have filled up the
 “ *biatus* ?

“ The postillion was gone to get af-
 “ fistance from a neighbouring highlan-
 “ der, and we must allow him time to
 “ return.” ——— “ A highlander in
 “ the interior parts of *Italy* !” — “ Yes,
 “ *Madame*, and a scotchman too.” —
 “ A likely tale !” ——— “ Have but
 “ a little

" a little patience and you shall hear;
 " Saunders is going to relate his story."

" I was forty," resumed he, edging
 in his chair, " I was forty years, and
 " one, two, three, counting on his
 " fingers to nineteen days old, at the
 " commencement of the late rebellion,
 " in Scotland. ————— Pressed into the
 " service of the unsuccessful, my life
 " and a few valuables were all I could
 " save from the wreck which followed.
 " ————— Remonstrance was in vain, —————
 " for who shall oppose the sword of
 " vengeance wrested by the soldiery
 " from the hand of justice? —————
 " Mercy is commanded to over-red

“ her face, for veil her streaming eyes.
 “ — Every unfortunate soul,
 “ alike or innocent or guilty, (for guilt
 “ was then to differ but in thought)
 “ bleeds indiscriminately, sealing with
 “ their death their forfeited demesnes.”

“ No, my son”, cried the wisdom of
 the King, “ Tho’ thou hast rebelled against
 “ me, I will not spoil thy people, nor
 “ shall thine attendants be dishonoured;
 “ —all that have loved thee *I will*
 “ love.”

“ Excuse,” says the venerable pea-
 sant, “ an old man’s comments and
 “ these honest drops,” which had plen-
 tifully

tifully bedewed his hoary cheeks.—

“ I loved my country, and I loved my

“ King, ——but——I must condemn

“ the cruel policy that reft me, amongst

“ thousands, of my patrimony.”

“ Cruel, indeed,” replied I——

“ and were I”-----my want of interest,

(you know where) flushed in my face

——“ were I a Fox, my voice

“ should not be wanting to restore thee

“ to thy birth-right.——If I could,

“ honest Saunders, I would put a spoke

“ in *thy* wheel, as thou hast done in

“ *mine.*

CHAP. XIII.

Which you may read or let alone.

A WAY we posted.—Now,
you are to be informed, *Madame*,
I have nothing on earth to fill up this
chapter—

chapter———*Ex nihilo nihil fit*; that you know, at least, if you understand Latin;———'tis Saturday night and it must be finished, that I know; —— the whole matter of the chapter is spun out, and I have a sheet and a half more to fill up; —— Away we posted; —— these three specific words contain all I can or will say to the purpose, from the beginning to the ending.——— Alas, that every author cannot be as honest! What an infinite deal of trouble we might save ourselves! What an infinite number of books might be read! In an hour one might be acquainted with every volume in *Bell's Library*, with the exception of *Shakspere, Addison,*

Pope,

Pope, and a few more such queer old-fashioned fellows, who are eternally teasing you with new matter and new beauties in every line.—

Proteus, thou god of transformation, I thank thee ; — thou hast carried me one-third thro', and in the space of twenty lines thou hast exhibited me as, Traveller, Author, Wit ; — if ever I reach the end of it, this chapter shall smoke upon thine altar ; and, when I get to *Rome*, I will make a libation at the foot of thy statue.— I shall know thee, tho' thou hast borrowed a wig of *S^{t.} Thomas*, or a cloak

cloak of *St. Paul*; tho' the modern Romans have transformed thee into a modern Saint——

I remember to have read some of *Cicero's Orations*, where the *exordium* has been one half of the speech ————— now, that this chapter should have it's conclusion in the same proportion ————— where's the wonder? *Marcus, T. Cicero* was avowedly a great man ————— and, so was *Yorick*; ————— both acquired fame by their genius ————— both ————— but, if I carry on the parallel, I may be suspected of partiality for my names-sake; ————— I
wont

wont balk my humour—— I'm a dab at comparisons, I mean in the great and small way,—— *parvis componere*,—— you understand me, 'tis an example from the Latin syntax —— for instance now, *Alexander* to *Robin-Hood* —— *Julius Cæsar* to the *D—ke of R—bmond* —— *William P—tt* to *Punch* —— and *Charles Jenkinson* to his constant companion the *D—v—l* —— in the literary way, why I'd couple you up half a dozen in as many seconds —— *Macbeth* with the *Carmelite* —— the conclusion of the *Sentimental Journey* with the

the commencement ——— and a multiplicity of others. ——— So, *Madame*, with a fresh spoke in my wheel, away we posted. ———

CHAP. XIV.

CHAP. XIV.

The HERMIT.

IT seem'd an even contest, whether
we or the sun, whose faint beams
were just peeping over a neighb'ring
forest,

forest, should first reach the summit
of the mountain ; ——— *Le Fleur*
spurred his *bidet* into a trot, and,
riding up close to the chaise, whis-
pered, “*Monseur*” ———

“ Why then, quoth I, ride back
and fetch them ” ——— The pos-
tillion opened the door ——— I
turned round to look for *Le Fleur* ;
——— he was out of sight. ———
How rapidly we descend ! ———

“ Surely the plaintive air of that
pipe is familiar to my ear ; ———
“ the solemn melancholy matins of
“ poor *Maria* ! ” ——— “ ’Tis her
I “ father,”

(98)

" father," says he, " expiring at my
" side" —————

On a seat, excavated in the rock
with his own hands, sat the venera-
ble sage; death in his countenance
was divested of it's terrors —————
the grim tyrant smiled in his ap-
proach and smote him in the happy
instant his soul was raised to Hea-
ven! —————

REFLEX-

REFLEXIONS.

“ Terror of men, who alone,
“ amongst the numberless individuals
“ that people the mass we inhabit,
“ dread thee! ——————

“ And yet it is not *thee*, but the
“ abyss of *Eternity* we fear ——————

“ Thou art but the instrument in
“ the hands of the executioner! —

“ Terror of men, cease to assume an
“ usurped empire over our souls! —

“ Thou art but as the vessel which
“ conveys us to distant and unexplored
“ shores! —

“ Who would shun thee assured of a
“ better eternity? —

“ The heart waxes pale, the teeth
“ chatter, the voice falters at thy ap-
“ proach; —

“ Educa-

“ Education’s prejudice! —

— “ For not at *thine*, Terror of men,
 “ but at the approach of *time* immeasur-
 “ able, without a change-----

“ ‘Tis the hermit,” exclaimed a
 peasant, striking her breast as she set
 down a small basket woven of vine ten-
 drils, “ ‘tis the good father *Lorenzo*,
 “ who taught *Maria* her devotions;
 “ — Ah woe is me! — This
 “ basket contained an offering for thee
 “ of dried figs; thy prayers, reverend
 “ father,” said she, bathing his hand
 with tears, “ thy prayers would have
 “ rendered the vilest of wretches spotless!

I 3

“ Come

“ Come,” cried she, “ come and
 “ weep with me, ye inhabitants of the
 “ mountain, who have sought and ex-
 “ perienced his intercession.”——

Grief will make the simplest eloquent,
 and thou, soul-moving immortality,
 when unadorned, art then adorned the
 most!——

“ Why, father,” continued the pea-
 sант, each word interrupted by her
 sobs, “ why wouldest thou leave us?
 “ —Thou madest our barren wilder-
 “ nes to smile!——How, rather,
 “ couldest thou all-gracious Heaven
 “ permit

“ permit the angel of darkness to rob us
 “ of our guide!——

“ ‘Twas grief then,” said I, putting
 it carefully into my note case.——

The disconsolate mountaineer threw
 herself on the rock; the hand her tears
 had besprinkled she dried with her
 hair.——

“ Behold, *Rosetta*,” said the first;—
 “ Alas, alas!” cried the second, “ the
 “ fight distracts her,—separate her
 “ from the body;”——in vain they
 essayed, her arms closely embraced his
 neck.——“ Speak then, speak to
 “ us

" us, *Rosetta* ;" — a look of vacancy
answered that she heard them not. —
Not a soul observed or thought of me.
— " Ah, *Rosetta*, tell us how hap-
pened it, — this sight of woe ? "

'Twas grief, cried I, rushing to my
chaife,-----

IN THE



CHAISE de POSTE.

Should any one be hardy enough to deny that the animal functions are affected in their natural duties, by the passions or feelings, there are others in this

world would go nigh to prove him a
fool. —— I am no physician ——

I am a man. ——

The spaniel thou hast fed, the linnet
whose daily breakfast was the bounty of
thine hand; —— would it not rend
thy tender heart to see them breathless?
—— And couldest thou turn away
thine eye with indifference from the
bleeding sojourner?

Hast thou received an orphan in
thine arms? —— Hast thou cherished
her as a dove in thy bosom? ——
Has the darksome night of death hid
her

her for ever from thee, and hast thou
not grieved?—There is no such
man—

'Twas grief, then said I, putting my
note-case into my pocket.

CHAP. XV.

CHAP. XV.

THOU art dead with grief,—
the letter came from the mother
of *Maria*. —— It lay at *Lorenzo's*
feet; inclosed were three ringlets of her
hair: — I'll read it once more. —

“ I

" I murmur not, but am wretched !
 " ————— Maria breaths no more, —————
 " the enclosed tokens of her holy affec-
 " tion, she would have thee wear, (com-
 " mending herself to thy blessing) af-
 " fixed to the badge of thine order :

" The disconsolate E."

It shall be affixed to the badge of *mine*,
 said I, kissing thy picture, my *Eliza* ;
 ————— to thee am I devoted, ————— *thou*
 art the saint *I serve.*

K THE

T H E

SHILLING.

Short accounts make long friends, so,
Madame, before we proceed any further,
please to look back into the thirteenth
chapter; either you did not read it, a
matter at that time left to your own
choice,

choice, or you must conclude me a plaguy liar; however, as all faithful historians ought to endeavour to throw a true light on every passage, it is my duty to insist on your turning back.

Well, *Madame*, I grant I made a specific promise in the beginning which I a little exceeded;—but then I was better than my promise,—five words, at least, better.—Ye immortals, what a change it would make here below, was every man five words better than his promise !

I say then, *Madame*, I only put a
fresh spoke in my wheel, an auxiliary
any man, after travelling five hundred
leagues of rough road, has a right to
put in, ————— if he is able, —————
and which I am, at all times, most ready
to put into your Ladyship's —————
What a confounded twinge in my back !

————— Now your Ladyship's at the
commencement of the fourteenth chap-
ter, you will observe *Le Fleur* gone off in
a tangent up to the ears and above them
in secrets, and where the Duce he can be
all this time I cannot imagine —————
pour faire accomoder la culote de Monsieur
————— Remember my profession and
gues what part. —————

Qf

Of all Dame Nature's works I dislike most a double face, but as I would say a great deal, do more, and go the greatest lengths in the cause of humanity, it is my business, however she may be here and there a little prejudiced, to keep myself in temper with her.

Whenever I observe her windings, her twistings, her doublings with a face on this side pursed into the frowns of a Saracen, whilst the other invites us with the insidious smiles of a Syren, I produce my *William* and *Mary*—turn it round and round, regard it on this side and on that, and, with an air of the utmost content, exclaim; “ As long

“ as I continue thy master, 'tis all one
“ to me; for though thou dost wear
“ two faces, I can turn thee to as
“ much profit as the best shilling of
“ George the second.”

Le Fleur had presented it to *Jacquenett*, for darning my breeches.

CHAP. XVI.

which view the author has given of
the author and himself; which he had
intended to have done by himself
and nothing will induce me to omit
it.

CHAP. XVI.

The REPLY.

THOSE, who like us, search to
investigate the feelings of every
soul; —— to display nature, and
trace,

trace, with exactitude, her very faintest lines of beauty; should the storms of adversity have crooked or shortened some of them; must still pursue her with the ardour of an *inamorato*, who explores the mutilated bust.

I was returning from the *Campus Martius*, when the lovely duchess of G——ter, in a superb equipage, passed me; —————— at that moment I did not recollect her,———“ Pray Sir,” said I, to a person whose dress pronounced him of my own country, “ may I beg to “ be informed if you know that lady,”
—————“ Fait and you may,”————— answered the surly Hibernian, wheeling
about

about upon his heel. —— He followed the carriage with his eyes ; —— it turned into another street, —— he replaced his sword and stalked on ; — I mused a moment ; *Launcelot* told me it was the reply churlish. —— I put my hand into my pocket, drew out my horn box, took a pinch of snuff, —— and bowed as he passed me. — Thy mild spirit, courteous Father, at the instant breathed harmony into every pulse —— the Hibernian's countenance impressed me forcibly ; —— I examined it again and again, —— “ Perhaps,” said I, “ thy days of sorrow have been numberless ; —— “ has thy *Lucinda* in some angry mo-

ment

" ment, dashed thy fond hopes and
 " turned them all to woe?—Hast thou
 " been the avenger of thy country's
 " wrongs; ——— the repeller of her
 " enemies; ——— seeking in the
 " dreadful breach the honourable re-
 " ward thou hast merited? ——— Hast
 " thou, when thine hand was stretched
 " forth to crop the budding honours
 " for thy crest, hast thou plucked the
 " flowers of disappointment?" ———

Whate're thy cruel lot has been, ———
 would it were mine to succour, as I pity
 it!

The

Lequel il n'avoit pas fait pour
se servir d'un chien qui sauroit
reconnoître quelque chose
de ce qu'il avoit appris.

The BLIND DOG.

A Translation.

" Behold, cries the field-marshall to
" his son, behold this shattered arm,
" I earned it in that battle, where with
" as much genius as good-fortune, I
" lunched my standard into the enemy's
" ranks;

" ranks; by this fortunate stratagem I
" rallied my left wing flying, in the
" very moment the right in it's turn
" began to ply; after prodigies of
" valour, the enemy was cut to pieces,
" — I was then but major, and —
" I remained major. My general, who,
" one of the first, to preserve his precious
" life, thought of flight, received a
" considerable pension for this day's
" work, in which he had so nobly expos-
" ed himself at the head of an army
" astonished at his courage.——
" In this battle where I fell from my
" horse, weltering in my blood, I was
" made prisoner; ill cured of my
" wound, in the exchange I was forgot-

" ten;

" ten ; at length indeed my ransom
" was paid ————— by myself. —————

" Services of another kind have
" been otherwise recompensed. After
" remaining thus in oblivion fifteen
" long years, I have, at last, thou
" seest, obtained the distinguished rank
" of field-marshall ————— fortune was
" in my debt, ————— she has repaid
" me. ————— Couldst thou suppose
" the fickle goddess had acquitted her-
" self towards me, in presenting me
" an occasion to save the life of an
" old blind dog, in the agonies of
L. " drowning ?

(122).

“ drowning ?—— It was the favourite
“ of the prime minister’s mistress.——

“ I preserved the cur’s life.——
“ and I am field-marshall.”

CHAP. XVII.

CHAP. XVII.

At ROME.

The CEREMONIAL.

"**N**O," said I——— "and were
"I Pope, I would abolish such
"absurdities." ——" You might

" as well," cries *Smelfungus*, " at-
" tempt to abolish all the absurdities
" of the popish religion; 'twould em-
" ploy a score of gan ganellies." —

" How could I, my *Eliza*, imprint
" the cordial kiss of friendship on thy
" lip, had mine been polluted by ire,
" even that of an angel?" —
" No, Sir, I must beg leave to decline
" this honour. — Pope *Joan* her-
" self should not have tempted me;"
—— *a propos* of this right reverend
Dignitary. — It was once supposed
she was far advanced in a dropsy, a
day was appointed to perform a certain
chirurgical operation, when lo, and
behold, — No,

No, no, I'll proceed no further in propagating this scandal; if you are anxious, my dear *Madame*, to investigate the conclusion, you will find it in— if again these *petites anecdotes* are to your *goût*, my friend *John Wesley* will furnish you with a thousand such—— which you ought to give credit to,—— or if you want faith, you may be supplied with half a dozen ounces from the same shop, on the most reasonable terms.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Lest any malicious person might insinuate I inherited the pagan ideas of my Danish ancestors, I hereby declare my faith to be that of a true man and a christian.—

YORICK.

After

After concluding my repast with a bottle of Florence, I walked once round St. Peter's.

What are all the stately monuments of the dead,—the laboured panegyric,—the epitaph of uneven lines,—whose smooth numbers flatter the living patron, and but too often, *Eugenius*, tell us what men should be; not what they have been; thou wilt often find dust and ashes as pure, covered with a plain slab,—and like the Pyrenean Hermit, carved only with a—*Hic jacet Lorenzo!*

On

On my return I learnt he had been buried in his own little chapel ; a fragment of purest marble blocked up the entrance.—

The gravest philosophers, the greatest divines, all concur in the received opinion, *viz.* “ When a man is dead, “ there is an end of him, at least in this “ world ; all the good or evil so lately “ in his power to dispense, ceases to “ flow ; ” — yet, somehow or other, father *Lorenzo* still continues to hold an ascendancy over the minds of the surrounding cottagers ; to their innocent simplicity his ashes are the guard, — and is not this a good unlimited — simple,

simple, true, they are,—but—
innocent.—“ Where ignorance
“ is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.”.

May the *mania* of deep-read divinity
never, happy peasants, seize on your
priests !—

O Providence, how infinite are my
thoughts, and yet they reach not unto
thee! — In the present, past and
future thou art unbounded; thou art in
every thing, and every thing is in thee!

The wind bloweth and no man listeth
from whence it cometh, or whither it
goeth.

So,

So, O Providence, we feel thee, we
respire thee, we follow thy dictates,
and we know not from whence the voice
floweth.—

O thou Inexplicable, point out to
them whose hearts are perverted and
harden'd, the paths which lead to hap-
piness and tranquility; blot out from
amongst men that discordant spirit of
division, on subjects which thou thyself
only canst explain !

CHAP. XVIII.

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LOCUTUS writes a book, *Locutus* is learned, he proposes a syllogism, goes into the proof, establishes his opinion; —— *Ximenes* dissent —— discord sounds the alarm, —— the disputants arrange themselves under the banners of their respective leaders, —— a furious war *a la papillote* ensues, —— mitres, hoods, lawn-sleeves and casocks pell-mell; —— one gets a bruise in his head, another a rap on the knuckles, —— how

—how christian-like they bear it;
to shew thee and me, reader, the nearest
way to bliss! —

“ What was the dispute then?” —
“ Whether *Abel* had his throat cut, or
“ his brains beat out with a billet.” —

What fruit, think you *Madame*, your
grandame *Eve* was tempted with ?

F I N I S.



ERRATA.

- Page 6, Last line but one, for *fullen* read *fallen*.
- 8, Last line but two, for *slip* of care read
sleeve of care.
- 11, Last line, for *verite* read *vérité*.
- 26, Line 7, and 27, Line 5, for *Gondoleur*
read *Gondoleer*.

